Consortium

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Summary

Aiden's regard comes in fits and starts, which is difficult for a man such as Nigel, who has always cared recklessly and loved fully. It's especially difficult when he falls for the Wolf so completely well before Aiden returns those feelings.

Notes

We wrote a little timestamp with Nigel & Aiden and what *really* happened in that forest before Hannigram showed up in The Accords!

See the end of the work for more notes

Aiden's regard comes in fits and starts, which is difficult for a man such as Nigel, who has always cared recklessly and loved fully. It's especially difficult when he falls for the Wolf so completely well before Aiden returns those feelings.

It starts small enough, a fond smile shared between the two of them whilst they roll their eyes at the absurdity of their brother and cousin, who quickly descend into the chaos of new love.

Nigel figures it out first. A brush of their fingertips when he gives Aiden a handcrafted sketchpad feels like fire dancing just beneath his skin. He's sure Aiden notices as well, but he ignores it in favor of focusing on the work he was brought to Rytas to do.

It makes sense that Nigel's True Mate would be somehow related to Hannibal's, their similarities apparently not ending with only their appearance. If Aiden is any the wiser to their status Nigel isn't sure of it, though he starts to suspect the first time the Wolf asks him to run with him.

Every night Aiden runs in the open fields surrounding the castle and in the woods to their near East. One such night he asks for Nigel's company, and though Nigel cannot shift and can hardly keep up with a Wolf, he accepts the invitation for the olive branch that it is.

They run through the fields and trees until Nigel is nearly lost, and once Aiden returns to his human form they talk. For hours, until the sun bleeds over the horizon and light spills through the branches of the trees, they talk.

And Nigel knows he's a goner, his heart growing heavy with his regard of this perplexing, intriguing creature.

Presenting as a male Omega in a royal line brings with it certain...disadvantages. To begin with, though Nigel is the elder of the two of them - by minutes only, but enough to form a solid claim to the throne in any case - he was automatically discounted from the possibility of ruling. As luck would have it, Nigel has never felt particularly compelled to take on such a responsibility, even *before* he'd presented as Omega, and was quite happy to pass the mantle along to Hannibal.

There are more ways still in which the law is most assuredly *not* in Nigel's best interest, not in the least the one which states that Hannibal, as the patriarchal Alpha of the Lecter line, retains the right to marry off Nigel to a suitor of his choosing. Many patriarchs wouldn't hesitate to bend this law to their benefit, collecting on the sizable dowry an Omega would fetch, kings especially known for using the Omegas in their line as gifts to broker peace arrangements with neighboring kingdoms.

Hannibal has never once threatened Nigel with such an action, not even at the peak of their most heated arguments - of which there have been many over the years - and Nigel loves his brother fiercely for it.

It has taken many years - and a painstaking amount of effort on Nigel's part - for the people of Rytas to come to understand that he is not a typical Omega, nor should he be treated as such. There are still some that balk at the way Nigel behaves, not in the least the spot that he'd found on Hannibal's Counsel, though none are brave enough to voice their snide remarks in anything other than a hushed whisper. None dare, after the last Alpha to do so, boldly bringing his complaint against the King's brother directly to the King himself in Court, was found in a random alleyway with his throat mysteriously missing less than a week later.

He's forever grateful that his brother refuses to surround himself with those that would disparage his own kin, and as such, Nigel has found a number of friends amongst the younger of Hannibal's Kingsguard. There's one in particular he's quite fond of - an Alpha named Randall - who's more interested in sparring with Nigel than breeding him.

In truth, Nigel has suspected for some time that Randall has more interest in one of his fellow brothers-in-arms, a quiet, hulking Alpha called Francis, who would just as soon retreat into solitude as lash out with his impressive brute force. He cares little for the preferences of the young Alpha, as long as they don't extend to himself, though the kingdom regards the notion of two Alphas together the same just as scornfully as an Omega having any agency for himself.

Nigel takes an almost obscene amount of pleasure in fighting with the guard, purring his contentment when he manages to best the young Alpha and even allowing himself to be scented affectionately by Randall each time their training time draws to a close. It's just after one such morning session that finds Nigel, sweat-slick and thrumming with a pleasant, weary buzz after his exertions, on his way through the castle to his chambers. He needs to wash up before lunch - though he doubts his brother will even be present to scold him if he didn't, always spending so much time with the Dragon in his garden - and prefers to do so in private.

His reputation for possessing an ornery, irritable temper proceeds him, but there are still some Alphas in the city foolish enough to entertain notions of *wooing* him, and Nigel has no desire to put himself on display at the public bathhouse.

He rounds the corner off the twisting stairwell to the main corridor that leads to the royal bedchambers, as well as those that house their esteemed guests - though Nigel has it on good authority that the Dragon has taken to sleeping in his brother's garden, and the prickly Wolf now remains the sole occupant of the room - to find a body obstructing his path, and stops just short of barreling straight into the Alpha of his thoughts.

For a moment, Aiden almost looks as though he's going to apologize for the unintentional blockage. But then his nostrils flare, and his gaze grows sharp, Alphan red spiking the stormy blue of his irises and Nigel can almost feel the air thicken between them with the Wolf's rage.

"It's indecent to run around like that," Aiden informs him stiffly, the ghost of a growl rumbling through his words.

Nigel has half a mind to tell the Alpha to fuck right off, but the twitch of the Wolf's hand gives him pause, as though its instinct was to move forward, to touch Nigel, until its owner

thought better of the action and aborted it just in time. Nigel arches a brow and allows a smirk to twist his lips. “Like what?”

Aiden’s spine straightens further, if that’s possible, and his foot twitches as though he longs to step forward. “Like you’ve just had a tumble with an Alpha. It’s shameless behavior, especially for the brother of the King.”

Nigel has certainly just had a tumble with an Alpha, though not in the way that Aiden assumes, but he hesitates to correct the assumption, a warm thrill twisting in his gut when he realizes it’s *jealousy* that hardens the Wolf’s gaze. “I had no idea you kept such *traditional* values,” Nigel purrs, shifting closer to invade the Alpha’s space with his tainted scent once more. “Though I’m beginning to wonder if it’s my dalliance with an Alpha that offends you, or the fact that it wasn’t *you.”*

The growl that tears free from Aiden’s throat then is full-fledged, unrestrained. He presses forward himself, continues until he collides with Nigel, pushes him back, cages him against the far wall. Nigel could easily evade, if he wanted to; Aiden doesn’t know how much training Nigel has, likely underestimates his strength and abilities, discounting him for the mere fact he’s an Omega just like everyone else.

Nigel could seize one of the Wolf’s arms, snap his wrist even as he twists the man’s own weight to his advantage to send him sprawling down the staircase. He could lunge forward, sink fangs small but sharp into the creamy throat before him and *bite,* never stop biting until the deluge of blood slows and then, finally, ends, leaving just the husk of the Alpha remaining. If he wanted to.

He doesn’t want to.

He allows himself to be pressed flush to the wall, allows the Alpha to cover Nigel’s body with his own, tilts his head accommodatingly when Aiden brushes his cheek against Nigel’s throat.

Nigel’s allows himself to purr when Aiden scents him, the Alpha clearly staking claim and seeking to cover the smell of a rival Alpha that still clings to Nigel’s skin. Nigel isn’t blind, he’s grown accustomed to watching others watch him without detection, he knows Aiden has an interest even if the Wolf hasn’t realized it yet.

What’s even more surprising to him is his own interest. He finds himself enamored by the Alpha. He appreciates that Aiden doesn’t treat him like just an Omega, he respects Nigel and his ambitions. They’ve found themselves alone over the last weeks, talking until late in the night or even very early in the morning. They train together sometimes when Nigel can convince the Wolf to leave his post with his people in the fields, and Nigel has even shown him some of his favorite, private places in the kingdom.

And yet something still causes the Alpha pause. Until *now.* This is the most forward Aiden has been in their time together, and Nigel can’t help but preen a little at how he’s driven the Alpha nearly feral just with his presence.

“Jealous oaf. It was just Randall. We did some sparring earlier before I returned to the castle and he nuzzled me as a goodbye since he’s leaving for several weeks on a patrol. You have no reason for concern, Alpha.” Nigel uses the honorific so sweetly and encouragingly that it pulls another growl from Aiden, a low rumble in his throat that vibrates through Nigel’s neck where the Alpha is still tucked. It’s highly improper, if Aiden is keeping score, for Nigel to refer to him as Alpha when they aren’t courting, bonded, or in a situation where Aiden is above him in leadership. And yet the little Wolf has absolutely no disparaging words for Nigel *now.* Only when he’s fighting with *other* Alphas.

“You could come get me. I’d give you a better fight than any castle-born Alpha,” Aiden snarled, licking along Nigel’s jaw before pulling back suddenly at the gesture, a look of shock plain on his features.

“It’s okay, Aiden. I don’t mind.” Nigel encourages him, pulling him back into his arms but turning them so the Alpha is now pinned to the wall in his place. Nigel nuzzles his cheek against Aiden’s, spreading his pheromones along with Aiden’s spit onto the Alpha’s skin.

Aiden pulls away again, this time to search Nigel’s face like he’ll find the answer to everything written there. “Come with me tomorrow night to the Forest. I want to show you my home as you’ve shown me yours.”

“I’d love that.” Nigel purrs, content to drown in the Alpha’s pleased scent.

“Gorgeous, you’re gonna get me killed before you can show me anything if you don’t slow down,” Nigel grumbles as he’s pulled along by the rambunctious Alpha. Aiden’s entire demeanor had changed as soon as they’d reached the border of the Forest, something about the place seeming to rejuvenate him and restore his energy in a way Nigel hadn’t seen since their very first meeting here all those weeks ago.

He was quick to shed the clothes he’d been clad in, quicker still to cajole Nigel into doing the same, both of them leaving the bundles of constricting fabric at the treeline of the Forest. An impulsive action Nigel now regrets, for as freeing as it is to exist in nature with nothing between his body and the earth - just as Aiden had sworn it would be - he now has to battle with branches and brambles scraping against the sensitive flesh of his inner thighs and the even more vulnerable parts that rest betwixt them.

“Stop whining and keep up, old man. Be glad I don’t shift, you’d never keep up with me as a Wolf!”

“Old man?” Nigel scoffs, brushing past Aiden and elbowing him none-to-gently in the ribs as he passes him. “I’m hardly that much older than you and you live basically forever so who even knows how old you *really* are.”

“Wolves and Dragons don’t age like other Fae. We only age roughly fifty years and then we look the same until our death. I look my age because I *am* my age. *Old man.”* Aiden taunts again, laughing when Nigel swipes at him and misses, getting tangled in the vines that hang thickly in this part of the Forest.

“Where is it you’re taking me, then?” Nigel shifts topics as Aiden’s deft hands pull him free from his ropey prison.

Aiden pulls Nigel closer as soon as he’s free, leans forward to scent him briefly before ghosting his lips over the shell of Nigel’s ear. “My nest.” The Wolf’s smile grows broad and amused when Nigel only stares at him in shock. “Where else would we go to mate?” The Alpha asks cheekily, bouncing lightly on his feet before slipping ahead through the trees once more.

For a breath, Nigel is frozen, his brain turning over Aiden’s words as his body attempts to reconcile the hot pulse of desire that flashes through him with the sudden sensation of feeling *achingly* hollow. Then he’s off, stumbling after the Alpha and tripping over roots, rocks and his own two feet as he goes.

“Hold up a minute, darling. Did I hear you right, there? You wanna -” Nigel’s words are stolen as he stumbles through a break in the trees and into a small clearing. He’s nearly bowled over with the overwhelming scent of *Aiden,* and he wonders for a moment at how he couldn’t have noticed the smell getting stronger the closer they drew to this spot.

Aiden is already settling into his nest, a comfortable-looking array of mossy beds and animal pelts. He looks so at home, so at peace, that Nigel wonders how he ever could have found comfort in the cold, confining stone of the palace. When he reaches a hand out to Nigel, eyes wide and entreating even as red begins to creep into them, Nigel knows he can do nothing but go to him.

Knows that it’s all he *wants* to do.

He *is* a bit older, some would say just out of his prime, for an Omega, so Nigel doesn’t often find his body reacting as readily as it did when he was younger. The moment he shifts forward, he becomes incredibly aware of the slick that wets his thighs, and ventures to guess that he began producing it the moment he was encompassed with Aiden’s alluring scent. Or perhaps even before, when they’d left their clothes behind at the Forest’s edge.

He allows himself to be pulled into the nest, heart beating an erratic beat against his ribs and his mouth suddenly gone dry with his fevered arousal. “When you say mate, do you *mean -”*

Aiden interrupts him with a bright burst of laughter, and Nigel can’t help but smile at the Wolf, pleased to see him full of such joy. He’s so often serious and it warms Nigel’s heart to bring him to laughter, even if it’s at his expense. “I mean I’d like to be inside of you, Omega,” Aiden’s playful words turn into a growl by the end, his eyes gone fully Alphan red with arousal and his cock wet at the tip between his thighs.

He’s larger than other Alphas Nigel’s been with, and he has only a passing moment to consider whether it is due to his Wolf nature before Aiden is toppling Nigel over so he’s sprawled on his back against mouth and animal pelts and Aiden is hovering over him, keeping him held down with the weight of his body. “Is that agreeable?” The Wolf prompts him, pulling Nigel back into the moment.

He's sure his eyes are molten gold as he looks up at the Alpha and purrs, spreading his thighs willingly for him with an accommodating smirk. "Sounds about right to me, Alpha," Nigel licks at Aiden's exposed throat and up his jaw before taking his lips in a bruising kiss that ends on a whine.

"Such a good Omega, let me look at you, Nigel," Aiden returns Nigel's purr with one of his own, pushing himself between Nigel's thighs and spreading them even wider as he leans down to nip and lick at Nigel's throat and collarbone. He makes his way down Nigel's body, his final destination obvious as he trails kisses and swirls his tongue in random patterns against Nigel's skin. When he reaches Nigel's cock he doesn't hesitate, taking it into his mouth and to the hilt immediately.

"Fuck," Nigel keens, his entire body aflame with his need. He isn't due for another Heat for at least several more months, and yet he feels as though he's in the midst of one with how hot his body burns for the Alpha and how desperate his desire is. He throws his head back when Aiden swallows around him, hands clawing desperately into the pelts beneath him. "Alpha, that's -"

Words leave him as two of Aiden's fingers find and breach his entrance, his tongue continuing its ministrations along the throbbing shaft of Nigel's cock. Nigel cants his hips up, entreating the digits deeper into him, and Aiden accommodates him without delay, smoothly adding a third and then sinking in as far as they can go before twisting and pressing -

Nigel's not sure he's ever heard the sound that's wrenched from his throat at the pleasure that strikes through him like lightning. He's not sure such a cry has ever existed in this world until the second his Alpha pulled it from him. Aiden's mouth leaves his cock, leaves it damp and cool in the open night air as he brings his lips back up to Nigel's.

"Sweet Omega," the Wolf purrs, lips curled in a smug, indulgent smile as they press against Nigel's own. His fingers keep pumping, and Nigel can only pant against his lover's mouth and squirm helplessly, desperate to match the rhythm that's been set inside him. "You sound as though no one's pleasured you before now, making such lovely noises for me."

"Feels that way," Nigel whines breathlessly. He can't even find it in himself to be embarrassed by such a response. "I've never wanted to couple with an Alpha so badly. Don't make me wait, little Wolf," Nigel growls, some of his control returning as he reaches down to grasp Aiden's own leaking hardness. "Want this inside me."

"I think I'd give you anything you want," Aiden murmurs, gazing down at him, and he almost sounds as though he's not quite sure if he's happy about that fact or not. He silences the whimper that falls from Nigel's lips when he removes his fingers from him, shifting quickly to replace them with his cock.

"I never gave the concept of True Mates much consideration," the Alpha admits softly as he sinks slowly into the tight heat of Nigel's hole. "It always seemed a bit romanticized to me. And even if they did exist, I wagered I wasn't the sort to ever find mine. I *certainly* never thought I'd find my other half in a human," Aiden pauses, releasing a soft sigh when he finds himself buried as deeply into Nigel as he can be. He gazes down at Nigel, eyes a striking Alphan red and yet almost unbearably soft. "And yet here you are."

Nigel clenches around the thick length inside him, revelling in the feeling of being split open. Of being *whole.* It feels as though a part of himself he didn't before know exists has now come home to him, nestling into him to slot into place, filling a chasm of which he'd never even been aware.

"Here *we* are," Nigel corrects, voice soft and rough and wondrous and certain.

"Yes," Aiden agrees. His lips curl into a smile brighter than any Nigel has ever seen, and then he starts to move and Nigel forgets everything for a while.

End Notes

Thanks for reading! Til next time! 💚 💜

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